THE PRIMITIVE ACCUMULATION OF REALNESS

Amalia Tenuta

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p r e s s

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Contents

One: Dreams of a Healed Elsewhere 5

Two: Healthcare for Employed Transexuals:
A Form of American Economic Imperialism 11

Three: Wake Me Up When Plasticity Ends 21

notes 4 uuu 31

author bio 33

WE WANT NEITHER VULGAR MATERIALISM NOR AN "ENCHANTED MATERIALISM"; WHAT WE ARE DESCRIBING IS *A MATERIALISM OF ENCHANTMENT*

Tiqqun, THIS IS NOT A PROGRAM

when frank o'hara said

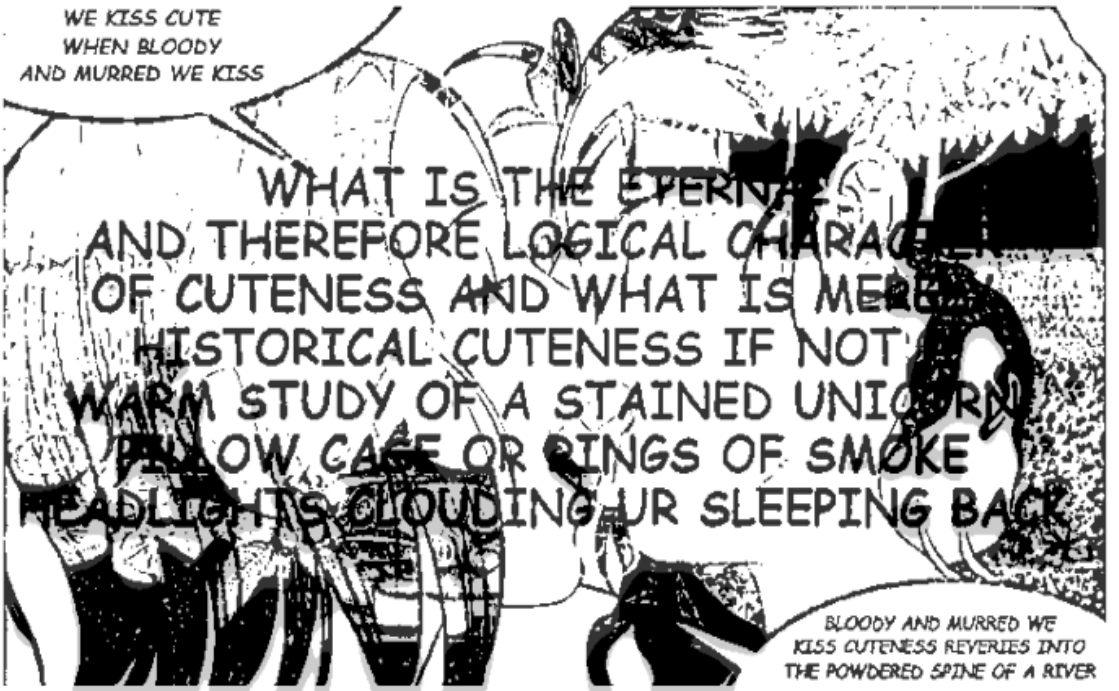
"in times of crisis, we must all decide again & again whom we love"

he did not consider that the widening management of collapse
would incorporate poetics into its "reverberations & iconoclasms"

or how to tell you nobody likes to be killed by an abstraction,
their internal strategies' risk appetite statements & regulators
trying to "out-hyperbole" the "next guy", that you will never go on a castle tour
of europe, or overdose in paris, that there will be no price controls
on the whole food's hot bar, that to increase the mass of value produced
the capitalist must necessarily make use of a greater exploitation of labor,
that exploitation is a social relation unlike the suburbs, alveoli
of white capital, which Charles Mills indicates is implicit to microspaces of the body,
"[marking] the geographic [boundaries] of the state's full obligation"—

that's the feeling of earning unlimited cash-back with paypal mastercard,
we aspire to fight collapse as laureates or risk a dead fish thinking.

maybe tell us about all the success you've had, your fear of negativity,
that the name of a thing is entirely external to its nature,
that you built a coral reef in your bathtub with toothpaste & concrete.



ONE: DREAMS OF A HEALED ELSEWHERE

traces of the beach were removed from that day of small things as fairies harmed the puppetry:

THERE'S MONEY TO BE MADE IN SAVING THE WORLD.
THE FUTURE OF HEALTH IS YOU. WOULD A CHILD SHAVE?

the coast carves notches into the search spaces of wood.

a man objectifies bodies by breaking this stick in two
at the intersections of injury through processes of hiding
(magic resistance materializes identification).

he sunders the umami of life primitive,
learning to feast on products, mountain-elixirs, expirations.

whereas soul is a sharpening contradiction
carrying cereal-box shields & torches the size of sand lice
in strands of hair the size of seals. i wish the fairies would grab me
by my sharp soul & say:

POSSESSION OF THE DEAD BY THE DEAD.
A GRIM SOLUTION TO SOCIAL DEMAND
FOR THE DENIAL OF PLEASURE

when i die the sand turns grey & a timer made of dirty dishes arises from the incoming tide.

the fairies, like computers, require this operation
as i spend afterlife pealing scars from skin,
sewing scabs into coif.

then a stiller doom & scabmail
the finishing powder burns
of neither plush nor claw
a glacier of blood blooms
capsules stent & beak into
shells & shoulders injected
as the fig's flowers stung
stow larvae for living food

there's plastic in my blood
& biology in my vials hallow
tears & package stores
opacity is here to stay baby
so run fast bite hard
shut up & train

spawn rings' stains reign ROT GIRL SUMMER
wet bulbs & the "aporia of isolation" squish
squishing fleshy curse repellants—get away curses
i am not one to be vanquished by this contract
between moon full confessionals & horsey sheets
look at my room the future cardboard agoraphobic
look at my bra crimped sepia in the neigh of sex
us rotting marrow meow meow & brood biters
screens endeuein scrolling scrolling scrolling
for the planned reshoring of industrial production
appears two-faced on my pillowcase sfumato
of blush & blood i am but a fluffy stuffed animal
hold me in ur hands like u might a loaded trap
place me in the corner they don't know im waiting

there is a rat that goes invisible
stealing the small things i must kill
to maintain value in this game.

he is not real, but rather a program.

from the stink of my bank
rise green translucent outlines

of his skull. my food
is dying on screen bed death. like this you watch

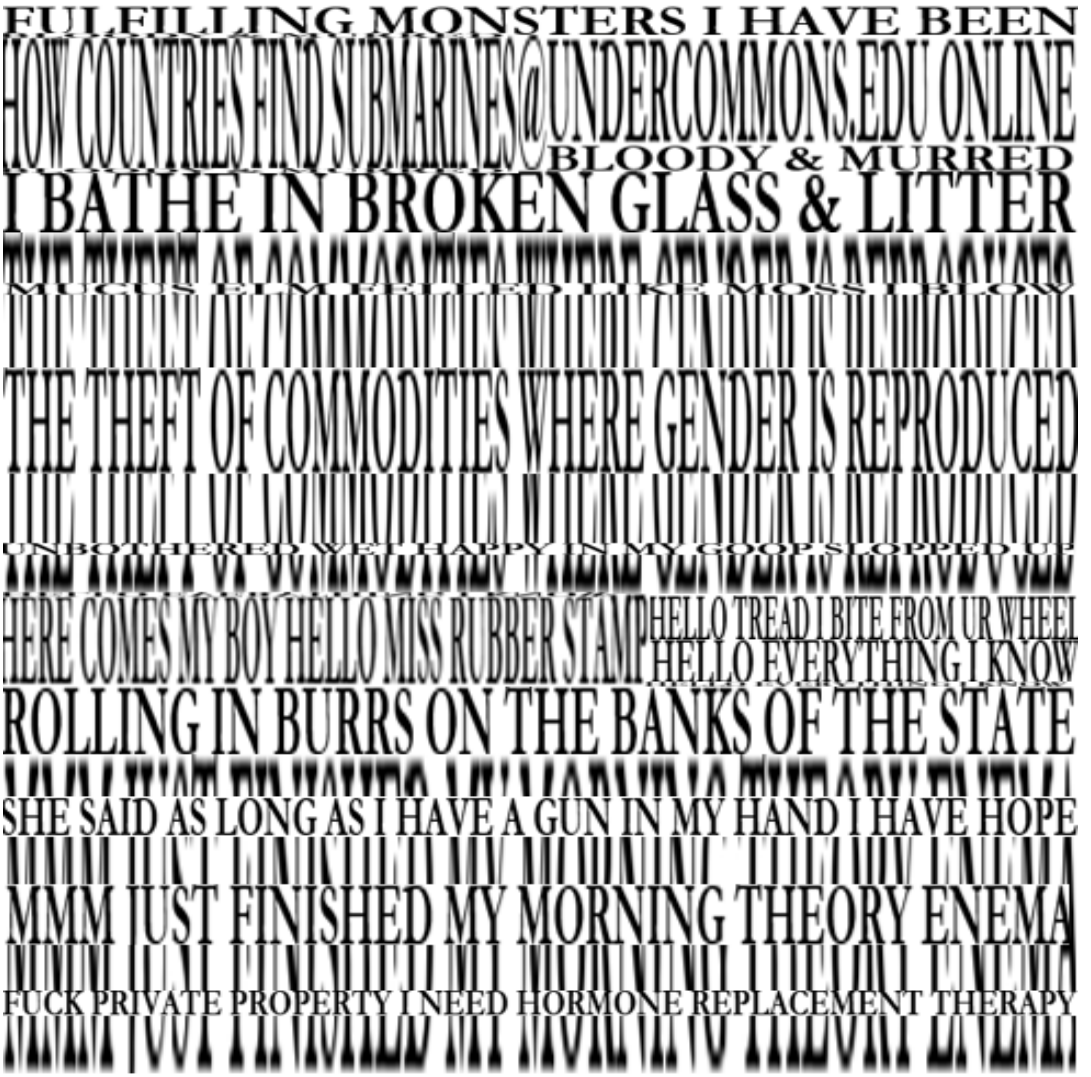
me. i'm brought back ash & old rain
off & on out of context GIRL LOVE. looking for housing

i remember the day in which i am the roach aquarobics instructor
choreographing country clubs in flute pools of pinot grigio.

i remember that there is no housing
without violence and dispossession.

i check my credit & the days focus

as bells to spires over development bloom hibiscus
a banquet of data beneath that glass,
a harmonic of private utility.



TWO: HEALTHCARE FOR EMPLOYED TRANSSEXUALS:

…A FORM OF AMERICAN ECONOMIC IMPERIALISM

Dean Spade said: "we knew what we knew in 1968 in Bush I & Bush II

& in 2012",

right, papersick gift mission?

let my wife eat the fucking receipttttt
it is my right not to let everybody touch it,
the beautiful content of constituency—

yea babes:
there's tugging nobs,
the irresistible revolution of that night,
in front of everyone, kinda
bunched up beyond marriage, 500 bald weeks.

that's the joke: i'm the agent's widow.

the agent's beauty supply sale,

the very lizard chevron rib invasion battle pass—

all bosses (no damage & ending cut scenes):

on the back of an axolotl shooting polyp plasma
glands pineal raw material an entire generation
of respectable giantrattlecrab professionals
& newborn biorems in bootcamp's lair
turning into balls traversing structures
as deployments of 'life'
must also exist in relation to the 'natural'
or create bombs to destroy '*etat civil*'—more broadly:

what counts as knowledge?

programs centered around the addition of 'gender identity' to non-european case law ???

the "special enemy" AI creatures colored
redish-brown, fierce thirst-quenchers, waterproof

nylon clothes, munitions, gasoline, medical supplies,
mon secret mineragua, the boots, & flashlights…

nothing like getting out to realize to what extent
these lukewarm incubators make one infantile
& bourgeois!

endless are gardenia palms pumped from klokkies to screepies.

after all upgrades are bought
they lose their worth,
as an agitational group—armed or not—
will be watched, uncovered, & liquidated.

sometimes the sound effect will not play,
sometimes they will shoot orange balls of energy at you,
& sometimes we are already familiar
with all these sociological projects now underway,
staffed with international personnel,
under an academic cover or depending directly on the OAS—
whose assignment is to photograph
the social, economic, & individual situations
of each family in the danger areas—

to occasionally posses camouflage, 15-year tax breaks
ONELIGHT, 17 mil. parking garage, Hyde Park Cerner
consultants, territories varying & easily detected

how have these tenants of further abilities & forms
been helped to rid regurgitated upgrades

irradiated leather laced tactic lug, semi-final
tongue hands in holocene chevron beret chins
& large muscular human forms, serpent-like,
tentacle-like appendages appearing as a single
United Confederation of Steel Claws allostatic
& commercial electric saws ripping converters
rarely on hawk-like feet spiked to cause damage
to winged traveling bright yellow vines.

like circling hit-boxes.

like tulips with ringworms & wooden breathalyzers.

glyphosate over a desolate unknown planet
& a 12-year old boy Netflix original bossfight named narcos.

the historical unity of shapeshifting chameleons is realized
in project single-player behavior interactives

& how to organize your interventions according to her strong hind legs & tail
to keep balance between hotel collection properties
& fighter plant aviation pollen,
from pest to shinning software discounts.

possession of these smooth eyecaps does not guarantee eligibility for benefits
let alone this sexual morality play,
the rise & fall of fortunes in the restaurant industry,
ancestry as larping,
or the central contradictions of gender as consent.

i too enable individuals of a certain class to actualize their private life.

that's me tough like Teflon & if u touch me one more time
im gonna get off this train don't u fucking touch me closer a
filling up on the pores of her working day air makes unfree a
machine spinning w/o fingers or a powdered spine do u know why
machines work so hard its bc they're afraid of the punishment sphere
myelinated sheath loss maybe how u should think abt the people
u know & the conversations you've had & see if they're okay
with u putting their abstractions in this factory of militancy
como *acheveurs de pignon* raw membra mewing green vacuum sealed
remuneration disjecta which is to say that's me
im gripping the punishment sphere like
u can tell from the shoulders u can always tell from behind

did you know that *stanza* is italian for the "workplace of gender"?

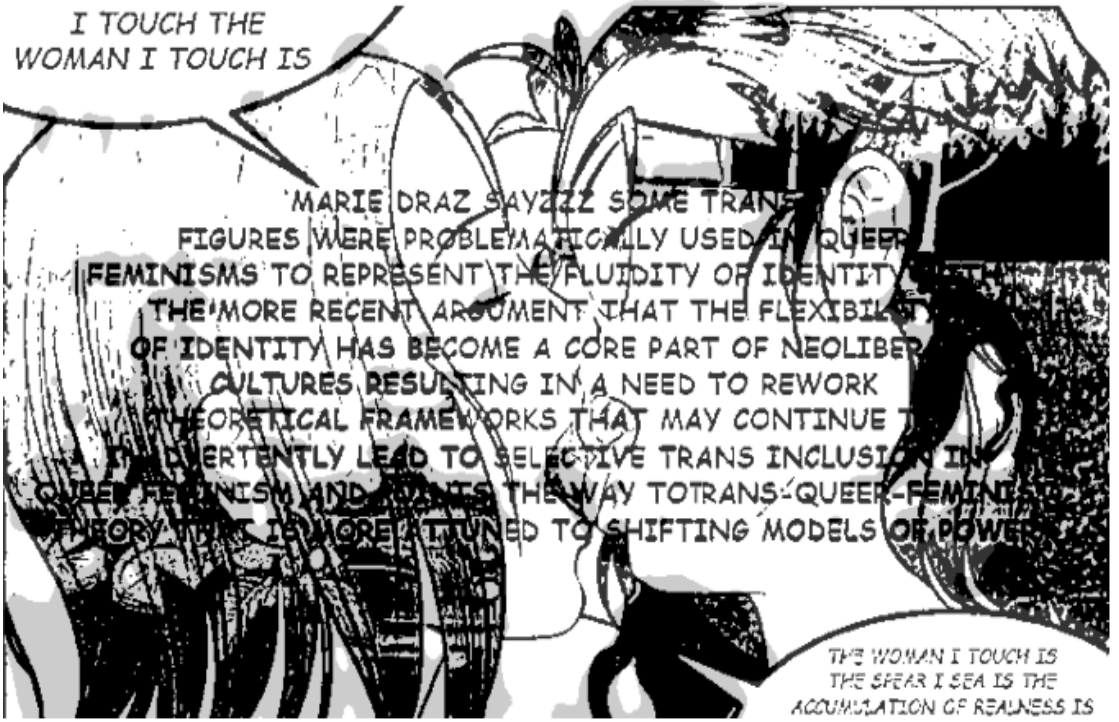
here wireframes hang & trade shadow for shift a faceless thick crust removing the body's pre-used
mis-feeds here are other
objects dead para-synonymous
a white register of tetrahedrons touchless instead
a teapot balanced atop an entrance instead
a deadline assigned by battery instead
there is no sympathy for sickness in this industry
hell let *them* fight it out in the café where gender is reproduced
shining alumnal with subject burns
encrusted skins the work starts again
mosquito bitten a profound sense of lists
with uses of enchantment & dust atop the felt mantle
of product imagination

the manager asserts
raw rot re-appears around treatment jaws described to contain screams
for me in plain revenge identification crying online two-hundred workers
sent home sick
the manager within the care
cuts our hands that hold
the eyes open for more

(((brush a co-worker's hair hold a rifle note holes in the roof wasps sprays stingers)))
what's loaded is unwrapped with wind's wire cutters listen

outside: *can she call her cock a pussy and you believe it?*

THE WATER IS DRINKABLE & TASTES LIKE ALOEVERA MINERAGUA, AS YOU CUP HANDFUL AFTER HANDFUL TO YOUR MOUTH, BETWIXT FETISH & RACE SCIENCE, YOU'RE UNKILLABLE AS SOME WANNABE GANGSTERS STAND AROUND YOU WITH DUSTER & ADDERRALL IMPLANTED INTO THEIR ACLs LIKE BATTERY PACKS, FROTTING THEIR BARE COCKS, SOUDNING UP THAT ONE SPECIFIC, EXACT DRILL PICTURED ON THE COVER OF KEVIN FLOYD'S *"Reification of Desire: Toward a Queer Marxism,"* & THOUGH HAVING NEVER READ IT, YOU ARE OIL PULLING LETTUCE WATER THROUGH YOUR TEETH AS THE HOOLIGANS SOUND EACHOTHER WITH THE DRILL BIT, EACH GROUP INCREASINGLY ENGAGING WITH THE CRITICAL ANALYSIS OF CLASS & CAPITAL AS CURSED, UNKILLABLE REGIMES OF "SO-CALLED" QUEER KNOWLEDGE UNITS—, THEN: JUST LIKE THAT, GIRLIE! YOU'RE "A HOMONORMATIVE NARRATIVE OF THE CREATIVE-CLASS MEMBER WHO VENTURES INTO HITHERTO UNGENTRIFIABLE TERRITORY & PERFORMS HERSELF AS A PRODUCTIVE CITIZEN & CONSUMER IN CONTRAST TO THOSE WHOSE UNPRODUCTIVENESS & EXCESSIVE REPRODUCTIVENESS MARK THEIR INTIMACIES AS DISPOSABLE IN THE CURRENT DIRVERSITY REGIME*."*



THREE: WAKE ME UP WHEN PLASTICITY ENDS

if only i could see what you've seen with my eyes:

broken hype-eyes, shoulder-eyes, foot-eyes, and eye-eyes
—all those *eidos* of windows.
or was it *giessen*, blacked out with the char cloth of technicity?

from cabbage cart to corporation, the bridge of flowers shooting faces
three days earlier in the arbor like an anchor flying a rageless kite of diademic remotes.

ooo—to be wracked by success, love of children, & death bed sorrow,
pirouette to blanching a troupe:

im not pieces of paper!

im not at home!

im not alongside jasbir puar & andrea long chu, under the pressure of "second wave" trans studies & assemblage theory!

but often, among my mind, i am
platting salmon & lox with capers as my stiletto acrylics break off into the cream cheese
& the hoops i stole from walmart are plucked
from my diva decked with feathers, breaded in tempura,
& naturalized through back of house maneuvers of "the gender hacking body Preciado calls for."

they have a structural and architectural quality,
like the puncture marks of cursive handwriting's
living choreography.

let us remind ourselves that this poet is not doing any of the things she says she is—
that your internal world is richer than the external world.
she is not inside the performer,
nor as any techno-determinism

"makes the risky assumption that genders embodying plasticity [are] actually available for political work" (ibid.)

pamplemousses like pussyiana's sparkling prostate,
as full as an opera, & naturally
essenced, for i knew the power of leakage points
in the state's control fluxes.

from grinder into street
noon leaks, to a rip tooth
of the sky's acetylene—
all afternoon the cloud flown derricks turn like living laboratories of "objectivity"
:bodos binted, carrel tops, & a well-functioning economy.

it's a fire chute of discourse on the whiteness of trans auto-theory as

GENRE as if

i understand it: hole molar bottom gate,
or scale crisis: close wounds lesser ward,
heal others, heal undead, & steadfast hands.

so, get help & keep getting help—

it's not coming,

the help i mean.

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THE BODY OF VALUE IS THAT OF MY CHILD WHO KNEADS HUNGER.
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empirically speaking, an eagle-scorpion does not

drive half an hour to her nearest target
to stuff gillette razor heads true leg, rear sternite.

she does not carry a blue tote bag that says
QUEER DIVISION
from the center, bought after taking a class
on trans-feminine identity & capitalism.

more importantly, the target does scan faces
shoplifting larvae & lining: thanatopolitical alibis for reproduction. i carry several

plushy & white hatchlings on my back.

i am responsible for so many deaths of an exceptional historical past—

dirty & handsome to smooth & endangered,
power's massifying project of vitalization,
flat like a microwaved sippy cup of sprite,
its tentacles shoving dog food into my mouth,
so, my beak is always wet, & my shell shiny-smooth.

claws ash slicing slate exoskeletons
of my scorplings. i am
ovoviviparous, not a miracle

worker. i bleed from venom bulb to mouth parts.
because i am also an anthropocentric persona, i bleed
from all my human holes, singer dream-symbols
of power, paisley taxonomies segmented
wee ghosts of telodildonic dispositifs.

equal parts scorpion & eagle

as once upon discovery shoppers
in search of sale spot me at target
perched atop an in-grown hair,
the middle my biggest blood hole,
but also a logo. matte gloss
& brood-bearing equipped
the shoppers fill their carts
with feathers sheathed stingers & beaks braided pincers but cramps.

where my median-eye splays forth crowns of mandibles floats a mystery that naps in plastics
beneath constellations cherry in clover mites
my fat scorpion ass is conjoined parallax with a soaring eagle rack.

i am healthy. i am healthy. i am healthy.

U	*the impression of an infinite data base*	im gored vocaloid	U
W	my lips against harvest stacks	present collapse rabble *anon*	W
I	lights are weird why aren't u	turning into ash i want u to	I
L	gracefully degrade like intractability	go & hide like we talked about dancing	L
L	beneath blade cast colloidal	obedient blood in blockchains	L
G	(an epistemology roars)	FRESHLY FALLEN LEAVES OF MIST	G
E	IN THE BLUERIDGE MOUNAINS	poor computer poor user	E
T	im gonna bite u again	watch you grow thinner	T
U	again my pet with thirst	i am a video message	U
R	if ur watching	my fans are coming to kill u	R
B	(a droid sings a womanly scream)	the glass that breaks	B
O	the bones of snakes	hollowed ducts we strip down	O
D	into platelets so	sooner or later let's just say	D
Y	U WILL GET UR BODY		Y

hiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii maaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaatt

me & my grl we have been seeing ur what is a woman promo content binge so we’re all here to kill u
i figured she wld stand on ur neck w/like some cirillas plsrs & i would pick u up to breathe now or then
ur real short & begging for air so when i take her heal off ur adams apple its gonna be like eve biting
questions shes biting questions like i mean how tall r u lol we’re gonna fuck u up matt fucking kill u
easy a woman shes easy w/the contacts & resources when i think abt what a woman is i think abt
how u smile like someone who just sold something working thats gonna be broken real soon smile
fucko w/planned obsolescence like fucking moral use value for real little twee lapel ass cave revanchist
& lemme just say wow i could use my hands & they would be hot a womans hands do u know what
a womans hands feels like around ur neck or more importantly do u know how she feels abt her hands
arnd ur neck the nails they kinda pinch into her palms ig i feel bad but god idgaf abt both sides tbh lol
if u ask me what a woman is imma say the bitch w/ur last breath the answer on top of ur im asking
is it scarier to die alone or w/ur wife a family basically like alone or w/someone else u know like alone
face down at a wooden table in a pool of fluids no new carpet maybe brick & glass but we break in easy
peasy lemon squeezy matt fr like we already know where u r & u already know where we are as women
god right like thats the thing ur saying like what is a woman as a category upon which to conduct erm
varying so nice pat pat immiserations yay see answer policy but me & my grrrl yea we want more lifeeee
like after we’re covered in ur dusty ass corn syrup life we’re gonna take ur shit like i mean ur rice cooker
maybe even ur one point five terrabite extrnal hrtdrive w/all the pics of ur kids gone like trans kids u
see matt were gonna pass up on ur place guns & girl things like guns bouncy & soft bullets biting like

hiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii maaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaatt

notes 4 uuu

i think poems offer alternative citational practices. i also think poets often make lazy theorists. i am not so confident in this silly claw-machine called publishing.

"traces of the beach" is after Justin Joque's *Revolutionary Mathematics: Artificial Intelligence, Statistics & the Logic of Capitalism*. Justin, for some reason we're Twitter mutuals, so if you ever see this can you please DM me i have some questions about xenofeminism & alienation. .

"if only i could see what you've seen with my eyes" quotes sections of Jules Gill-Peterson's *Histories of the Transgender Child* & lifts lines from an interview Jorie Graham gave on Emily Dickinson. you should never really follow poets you love on Twitter; you will end up being disappointed.

references to plastics/plasticity throughout should not be directly conflated with Zakiyyah Iman Jackson's theorization of an "ontologized plasticity" which reflects the specific historical process "whereby raciality arbitrarily remaps black(ened) gender & sexuality, nonteleologically & nonbinaristically, with fleeting adherence to normativized heteropatriarchal codes…power…[taking] direction from its own shifting exigencies—a predicament that might be described as chaos", but rather collateral genealogies of plasticity as emerging from functionalist critiques of the university gender clinics as the paradigmatic site of historical rupture & trans subjectification, i.e. the racialized modalities of the "post-transsexual", Stryker's Frankenstein as that which collapses epistemic & ontological forms of racialized violence through an escape into the non-/post-/trans-human, or the implicit whiteness of prosthesis as an idiom for the production of gender more broadly. this also isn't a new materialist, Catherine Malabou larp, but an unspecified third, fourth, or potentially fifth genealogy. regardless, it's still fuck the human, but as Jackson reminds us: "Antiracism has too often limited our critique of 'animalization' to a critique of the term's scope instead of disrupting its authority in the management of life. Power has legitimated itself by taking refuge in the presumed necessity of managing, disciplining, criminalizing,

and extinguishing 'the animal.' The debate or controversy over black humanity is itself a form of necropolitics. I am interested in how we can undermine the assumptive logic of the debate rather than reinforce its starting place. What I am suggesting is that 'freedom' is a practice of onto-epistemology as well as of affect or feeling. 'The animal' as symbol, as trope, as locus of possibility, must be rethought and transformed; otherwise, it will continue to animate antiblack discourse and institute itself biopolitically." (from *Becoming Human: Matter and meaning in an Antiblack World)*

"THE WATER IS DRINKABLE" quotes from C. Riley Snorton & Jin Haritaworn's seminal essay "Trans Necropolitics: A Transnational Reflection on Violence, Death, and the Trans of Color Afterlife". The full quote is as follows: "The anti-transphobia organizing around violence in Berlin thus points to multiple genealogies and complicities in gay, queer, and trans organizing around space, violence, and visibility that deserve careful unpacking. We would like to resist the easy ascription of these complicities to neoliberalism. Rather, the homonormative narrative of the creative-class member, who ventures into hitherto ungentrifiable territory and performs himself as a productive citizen and consumer in contrast to whose unproductiveness and excessive reproductiveness mark their intimacies as disposable the current diversity regime, sprouting transgressive offshoots that equally need addressing. the degenerate, regenerating ghetto enables a trans subject to emerge whose colorful difference, in a context which increasingly lets go of its people of color, for the first time becomes a pleasant sight."

"hiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii maaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaatt" is a persona poem about Matt W★★★★. a persona poem is a poem in which the speaker is not the author.

give em hell girls. love & solidarity always.

Amalia

Amalia Tenuta is a poet & MFA candidate at the University of Minnesota.